

Latin School Register



NOVEMBER, 1925

VOLUME XLV

No. 2

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The Register

VOL. XLV

No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1925



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL

AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR,

BOSTON, MASS.

Entered as Second-class matter, Boston Post Office



CHESTER

SOLOMONT

The Scientific Expert

By Arnold Isenberg

IN THE course of my three years here at Harwell," remarked Geoffrey C. Smith to his roommate, "I have noticed that all of these so-called 'sports,' which have been designed to supply the childish craving of the average male for amusements, are based upon simple, but purely scientific principles. Thus, by applying one's mental faculties to the solution of the scientific problems presented thereby, one may become adept at any of these pastimes."

Bob Robinson, the long-suffering roommate, looked up, his eyes blinking incredulously.

"Translated into English, Jeff, does that mean by learning the rules an' that sort of junk you can become a good football player?"

"That is just what I mean to assert. Furthermore, an instructor in football who has a sufficient amount of brain power can plan out a contest in advance, just as he would a chess match, using the players as pawns, and anticipating practically every move."

"Zat so?"

"My mentioning it makes it so. Really, were it not for the fact that I shall be fully occupied this semester with more serious matters, I should secure for myself a place on the football team, were it only for the sake of illustrating the superiority of mind over matter."

Robinson remained quiet for a few moments, but he was thinking at top speed. It was three years now that these two had been roommates at Harwell, but Bob remembered as clearly as ever the day that they had first set foot on the campus, Robinson, the big, curly-haired athlete, and Smith, the loud-voiced, egotistical "shrimp," were both from the same town. In fact, so different was their physical and mental make-up that they soon received the nicknames, "Mutt and Jeff." Jeff soon showed an aptitude for his studies, and quickly became known as a "grind," while Robinson in his Senior year, was now captain of the football team and President of his Class.

Bob thought of all this very quickly and recalled incident after incident when he had been forced to suffer from his roommate's conceit. Really, Jeff did need the cockiness knocked out of him, and,—yes, he had it!

"I say, Jeff, old man," he began, "the team is awfully hard up for men this year, and prospects aren't very bright for a successful season. Really, we need a good man like you on the team."

Jeff reflected over these words, chin in hand.

"I'm sorry, Bob," he said determinedly, "but the many important duties which I must discharge will not allow me to be occupied elsewhere. Suffice it that my staunch and whole-hearted spirit will always be behind the players, urging them on, even though I cannot be on the field leading my men to victory."

Bob whistled. The fellow was more conceited than he had thought. Imagine Geoffrey C. Smith leading anybody to victory.

"But, Jeff," he expostulated, "your first duty is to your school." Then he launched into a detailed definition of patriotism and school spirit, for, besides his many other accomplishments, Bob was noted as the school champion at "spreading it thick."

At the end of his inspired lecture, Jeff, although he hated to admit that he could be convinced of anything against his will, rose slowly and majestically, and drawing himself up to his full five feet three, declared in a heroic tone:

"Robert, my friend, for the glory of old Harwell I would sacrifice much more than I am now about to do. You may inform the coach and the squad that I shall report for practice tomorrow at 4 P. M. Have everything in readiness so that I shall not be kept waiting."

So saying, he stalked loftily out of the room.

No sooner was the door closed than Bob fell on his bed, choking with suppressed laughter. When this had subsided, he rose, put on his cap, and made his way to the room of Mr. Jack Pendleton, coach of the football team.

II

"Tomorrow afternoon at 4 P. M." found Jeff on the football field, clad in his regular street clothes, with a large roll of white paper under his arms. Robinson, who, with Mr. Pendleton, had been watching him from the other end of the field, now approached and asked him why he wasn't in football togs.

"Oh," replied Jeff, "I do not consider it necessary for me to practice with the rest of the squad. However, I should like to confer with Mr. Pendleton."

Bob accompanied his roommate to the other end of the field, where he introduced him to the famous coach, who, with a twinkle in his eye, escorted his new player and assistant to a little room beneath the stands.

"Now, as you can readily observe," began Jeff opening his roll and placing it on a little table in the center of the room, "I have invented a number of attacks, which properly executed, should vanquish the enemy."

"But don't you think," said the coach, "that you should gain some estimate of the material you have to deal with before attempting to write plays for them?"

"I have already done that," replied Jeff, "and I agree with your selections for positions on the team in all but two instances. We will shift Steward from guard to tackle and substitute Mayers for Barron at right halfback."

"But where are you to play?"

"At quarterback, of course. But let us return to the subject of these plays and formations."

"Very well."

"Although I have never witnessed a game of college football, a careful perusal of the rules has taught me the fundamentals, and a detailed study of the scientific aspect the finer points of the game. The first play which you see outlined here is quite unique in its simplicity. In fact, it is strange it has never been used before. However, it calls for perfect co-operation and co-ordination from the team. Read it please."

The coach read aloud:

"On the given signal the quarterback receives the ball. Meanwhile, the left tackle and guard push their opponents aside, and the quarterback runs through the opening thus provided for a gain of five or ten yards."

The coach was loud in his praises of this novel plan of attack, so Jeff continued:

"The next plan," he announced, "is very intricate and complicated. Nothing like it has ever been accomplished before. Read on slowly that you may be able to grasp its full significance."

"The quarterback and right halfback stand parallel to each other approximately twenty feet behind the line. The ball is snapped to the right halfback, who runs towards right end, apparently with the ball in his arms. By a quick motion of his arm, however, he had previously transferred the ball to the quarterback. As the entire opposing team has been drawn over to their left to negotiate the capture of the right halfback, the quarterback carries the ball in the opposite direction for a large gain. Wonderful!" he ejaculated in conclusion. "Marvellous! And so original, too!"

"That is what I had thought," said Jeff, with becoming modesty.

An uproar on the field seemed to indicate some new development in the practice.

"I fear I am wanted out on the gridiron," said the coach. "You need not report for further practice, young man, as you are above improvement. Just show up at the first game and you will be sure of your position. Good day."

As he appeared in the glistening sunlight, the coach took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "Barnum was right!"

III

The days passed rapidly until the date of the first and easiest game on Harwell's schedule, that with Middlebury Academy, approached. The news that Geoffrey C. Smith, of all people, was on the football team and would play in the Middlebury game, soon made the rounds of the campus, and was received with great interest. Since Bob Robinson was by no means reticent in telling his friends of the hoax he was playing on his roommate, and since Jeff himself eagerly advertised the coming demonstration of "the superiority of mind over matter," it was generally conceded that the playing of Geoffrey C. Smith would be the only enlivening feature in an otherwise uninteresting victory for Harwell.

The day of the game found an unusually large crowd in the stands to witness the triumph of science over brute strength. As the Harwell team burst on the field, a great wave of cheering swept the stands, but Jeff, not one whit surprised, merely doffed his helmet in acknowledgement of the applause.

The first part of the game found Jeff, with one of the assistant coaches, in the dressing-room, for the purpose, as he was told, of preserving his strength for the crucial period of the game. At the beginning of the fourth quarter when Jeff took his place on the field in response to the frequent cries of "We want Smith!" from Harwell supporters, the score was thirty-three to nothing, in favor of Harwell.

After waving to some friends in the stands, Jeff buckled down to work and gave the signal for his plunge between guard and tackle. The ball was passed; the right tackle and guard pushed their opponents aside, and Jeff was on his way to "a gain of five or ten yards," when he slipped, fell, and was jumped on by a horde of ruffians, who seemed not to know the meaning of manners, or to have any respect for the feelings of others. Nettled by his failure to gain and by the impoliteness of the opposing team, Jeff jumped up, brushed his clothes with care, and prepared to give the signal for his deceptive end run.

"Formation X2!" he barked, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven!"

The ball was snapped to the right halfback, who deftly passed it to Jeff.

"Whee-ee-ee!" he shrieked, as he started off toward left end, "Here I go!"

Suddenly, however, he came to a dead stop. Here was a man ahead clothed

in the red and brown of Middlebury. It was the fullback, at that, a particularly husky and savage young gentleman. And what was more, he was making straight toward Jeff, as if he intended to stop his progress by means of physical violence! What, allow this young ruffian to lay his mud-besmeared hands on him? The idea was preposterous! Such an action would certainly not be tolerated by the officials, but before they could intervene, this two-footed monster would be upon him. Only one solution offered itself. He turned quickly on his heel and ran toward his own goal line, the fullback following fast behind. Faster and faster sped Jeff, but the huge form of the enemy back loomed nearer and nearer! Summoning all his strength he passed the last white line, and, with a superhuman effort, leaped into the grandstand, beyond the reach of his opponent! Then with a slow, dignified step he proceeded to the dressing room, and thence back to his dormitory.

* * * * *

Jeff's resignation, which he handed to Bob Robinson, with instructions to post it on the main bulletin board, read as follows:

"In view of the unseemly conduct of the members of teams which appear on Harwell's football schedule, of the failure of the team to support their leader, and of the failure of the game of football to live up to my expectations, I hereby tender my resignation as a member and Captain of Harwell's football team. This resignation will be withdrawn only upon a drastic change in the rules of the game, which I myself shall dictate. Geoffrey C. Smith."

Whereupon Bob fainted away.

* * * * *

The Lucky Break

By F. N. Dickerman

ABOUT seventy-five hopefuls answered Coach Heaton's call for football candidates at Jennings High. In spite of the large number, the prospects for a winning team were not very good. Besides Captain Bannow, who played right halfback, there were only two veterans, Ev. Doane, the left end, and "Buddy" Ellis, the right tackle. However, the boys were eager and willing to work. As usual, when the uniforms were issued to the candidates who were most promising, nearly all the others dropped out, leaving about three full teams when the time came for the first game.

This encounter was with Cabot Academy, a large private school, which usually overwhelmed Jennings. This year, however, much to everyone's surprise, the score was only three to nothing in their favor. This was due to fumbling by Cabot.

Thereafter the Jennings team won some of its games and lost some. On the other hand, Eaton High, their greatest rival, had a fine season, winning most of their games. As the time for the big game approached, it looked more and more as if the string of victories Jennings had won in past years was to be broken this year. The supporters of Jennings would not be discouraged. They pointed out that they had had worse seasons than the present one and at the end had beaten their rivals soundly.

Finally, the day of the big game arrived, and long before the time for the game to start the grandstand was filled, for this game was known as the schoolboy classic. The big stand was divided into two sections, one for Jennings and one for Eaton.

Before each section the cheerleaders, wearing school sweaters and carrying huge megaphones, took their places. In one section the ruling color was Jennings blue, and in the other the red and gold of Eaton.

The kickers of both teams began to warm up. Then the opposing teams rushed from the locker rooms and filled the benches. They were greeted by cheer after cheer.

Coach Heaton never made all the final selections of players for a game until just before the game. Throughout the season there had been intense rivalry between Jo Ashley, a senior, and Emerson, a junior, over the position of fullback, the latter being considered a shade better than the former. As the coach read off the names, he said, "Fullback, Ashley." The majority of the squad felt that he had made the choice because it was Ashley's last chance to play for his school. They did not resent it, however, but merely waited to see if Heaton's choice would be justified by Ashley's playing.

The two teams lined up for a snappy signal drill, while the captains were tossing. Eaton won and chose to receive. The players took their positions and the whistle sounded. Bannon's kick carried to the opponent's five yard line, and was run back about twenty yards. Then Eaton uncorked a brilliant attack, which kept her rival entirely on the defensive. The ball was carried to Jennings's five-yard line, where Eaton was held for downs. The Jennings' quarter then signalled for a kick. Ashley backed. The ball came right to his hands, a perfect pass, but he failed to hold it, and it rolled to the feet of an Eaton end, who had only to fall on it to score a touchdown. The red and gold stands went wild. A touchdown within six minutes more than they had dared to dream of. What did it matter that the kick for the extra point was blocked? The score was six to nothing.

The Jennings section was silent. There was no cheer for Ashley as Emerson replaced him. The teams began to fight anew, and it was a fight. Neither team could score again, although Eaton came near doing so several times, but the Jennings' defense always stiffened at the critical moment. Thus it went through the first three periods with Jennings rarely having the ball and kicking it as soon as they got it. Towards the end of the game, after a center plunge, they found Emerson at the bottom of the heap, unconscious. This was nothing short of a tragedy, for his superb kicking had been a great factor in holding Eaton.

There was only one thing to do, send in Ashley again. As he had sat on the bench, shunned by his teammates, he had been able to think of nothing but that fumble, and a daring plan had occurred to him. If it failed, it would make things twice as bad for him and for Jennings, but if it succeeded, they might win yet. On the field he outlined his plan, and it was accepted, rather dubiously by the team. It was fourth down, eight yards to go and Jennings' ball at midfield. There was nothing to do but kick. At the signal the center snapped the ball. The pass was rather high, and the adherents of the blue groaned as it passed through Ashley's upstretched hands, glancing from his fingers. The Eaton ends were rushing in, and it seemed as though for the second time Ashley was to be responsible for an Eaton touchdown and the loss of the game. But the fullback turned, picked up the ball, and made a perfect pass to Bannon, who had turned at Ashley's cry of "Ball!" Meanwhile, the Jennings' ends had taken out the defensive halfbacks. Between Bannon and the goal line there was only the fullback. The former made a great race of it, but he was brought down on Eaton's three-yard line. But Jennings would

not be denied after that effort and put the ball over on the next play. They lined up to try for the extra point. One question was in the minds of all, "Will Ashley fumble again?" So far he had handled the ball twice and fumbled both times. This time, however, there was no slip, and he made a perfect drop-kick. In a moment the whistle blew and the game ended with the score seven to six in favor of Jennings.

A yelling mob of students formed a snake-dance upon the field, but they gave no credit for the victory to Ashley. To them it was only through a lucky break that Ashley had been able to recover the ball and pass it to Bannon. They soon learned from the team that Ashley had planned the whole play in advance and the fumble was intentional. Immediately the fullback was made a hero, and he received plenty of cheers to make up for those he had been denied in the game.

* * * * *

THE DEBATING CLUBS

The Latin School Debating organizations were re-awakened, a few weeks ago, after a long sleep. They are now here to stay! No power on earth can or will make us give them up!

As they are the only clubs which foster and encourage the forensic art, it is quite apparent that every boy should avail himself of the opportunity thus offered to step a little higher to oratory.

It is a part of our duty to participate in student activities. Therefore, why not give the debating clubs a trial? They are open to every student in the Latin School except the boys of Class IV, and provide unusual opportunities for every boy to supplement his Latin and Greek with the ability to stand on his feet and speak to an audience distinctly, intelligibly, and in good English, which is a most valuable asset. We admit that Declamation also does that, in a measure, but the great difference between *declaiming* and *debating* is the use of another's words and thoughts in the one, and the use of your own words in the other.

We view with alarm the small number of students who are members of the Debating Clubs. Is the old Latin School Spirit of twenty years ago waning? Let us hope and prove that it is not.

One benefit the Debating Clubs offer, which no other club in the Latin School offers, is a knowledge of current thoughts on current problems. That is an inestimable aid to citizenship. It helps us to use intelligently our greatest weapon, the ballot, when we become voters. A boy without a knowledge of the Child Labor problem and others, nine times out of ten, will be an indifferent citizen when he comes into full manhood rights. If for no other reason than to gain a knowledge of current problems, let us join the debating clubs.

Debating helps you to think, to hear both sides of an argument before you condemn or praise either side. To think is to judge!

Show your school spirit by joining these clubs. Will you? All right, come on!

As this issue goes to press, we received the news that the Debating Club has elected:

President—Ralph B. Rogers '26

Vice-President—Samuel Cauman '26

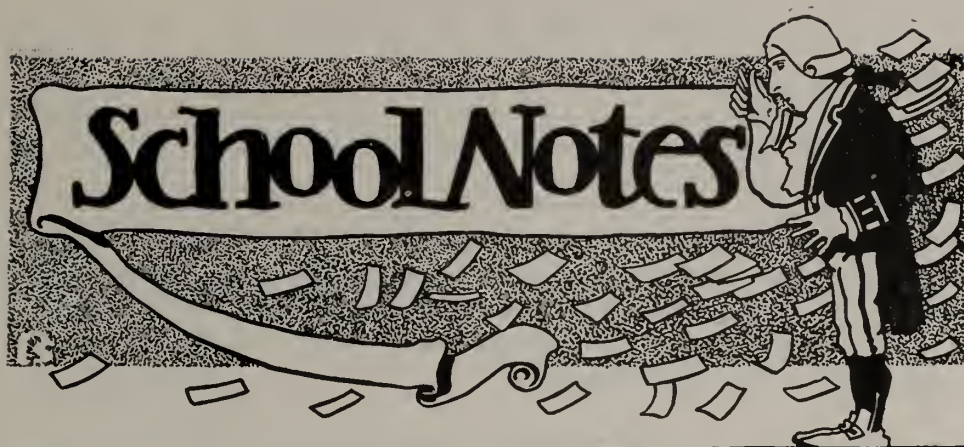
Secretary—Jacob Moskovitz '26

Treasurer—Theodore Norman '26

Corresponding Secretary—Maurice Levinson '27

Sergeant-at-Arms—Arthur Levack '28

A detailed account of the club's activities will be published in the next number.



On Monday, October 26, Classes I, II and III went to the Assembly Hall. After a piano selection by G. R. Dunham, Mr. Campbell explained the new regulations governing competition in the Prize Declamation. They are as follows:

- (1) No piece may be spoken at a public declamation which has been spoken in the Hall within one year. A list of forbidden pieces will be posted in each room.
- (2) To be chosen a competitor at the Prize Declamation in June, a candidate must have presented at the Public Declamation not less than two prose selections.

Mr. Campbell then introduced Lieutenant Briggs of the Naval Reserve, who spoke on "Navy Day." He mentioned Mahan's "History of the World," a book which sets forth the importance of a nation's navy. Lieutenant Briggs explained that the new inventions, such as submarines and aeroplanes, have never revolutionized warfare, whereas gunpowder has. He told about the 5:5:3 ratio between America, England and Japan, and also pointed out America's deficiency in cruisers, destroyers, and submarines of the cruising type. His speech, which was of about forty minutes duration, was very interesting and instructive.

* * * * *

On October 26 at 2 o'clock, Mr. Campbell summoned the senior class to the Hall. He announced that an election would be held the following Wednesday to choose a vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and one member of the Class Committee. He said that many votes were thrown out because they were not definite in their choice. For instance, two boys by the name of Sawyer were running for office and because many votes bore neither their initial nor room number, the votes were cast out. Mr. Campbell then informed the Class that this year each school was to select seven members to represent it in the contest for the Phi Beta Kappa Cup. This cup is given by Harvard College to the school whose seven pupils have received the highest marks in four College Entrance Examinations. The names of those on the winning team will be engraved on the cup. The school of the winning team will keep the cup for one year. Any boy in the senior class may try for a position on the team. Come on you "sharks" and show the world what school you come from! Extol the banners of the Latin School on high!

* * * * *

We wish to congratulate I. Brest for his appointment as first lieutenant in the band, and S. Epstein for his appointment as drum-major. We feel sure that these two talented musicians will carry on the good work of the band. Epstein was made drum-major last year but he could not hold the position because he was not a senior.

Eliot P. Beverage, '26, a prominent member of the football team and a cartoonist of much merit has been added to the Art Staff as Art Editor. In the Humor Number last year his illustrations created much favorable comment. We are indeed fortunate to have an artist of such talent in our midst.

* * * * *

The Ninth Annual Roll Call of the American National Red Cross to enroll members for 1926, will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving. This is the only request the Red Cross makes for funds during the year. The Latin School has done its part well in the past in contributing to the Red Cross. Let us hope that the school will do as well or better this year.

* * * * *

THE CLASS ELECTION

THERE was tumult in the Latin School, in the staid old Boston Latin School—for from the very first day of school potential candidates made known their intentions of running for office. The space about the bulletin board became the forum in which some eager, embryo politicians delivered forensic addresses; other aspirants for office found quieter and yet more persuasive methods of amassing votes; on the football field, in the field of scholastic labor, in school activities. Of the senior class, that part not running for any office—and there were some few seniors—was so beset with pleas for its votes that it promised indiscriminately to support this one, that one, and the other one—and as promptly forgot for whom it was to vote.

Finally an official notice was posted that the election would be held October 15, during the Declamation period. There were no nominations for any of the officers; it was virtually a "free-for-all, and may the best man win!" Consequently an unusually large number of names appear on the election returns: eight for president; ten for vice-president; seven for secretary-treasurer; and lo!—thirty-three for Class Committee. When the appointed time arrived, each and every senior signified his choice for the different offices, naming four candidates for Class Committee, and one for each of the other positions.

When the votes had been counted under the supervision of Mr. Jones, the results were as follows: Allan R. Rosenberg was elected President with a count of 40. F. O'Brien and W. Parks with 26 votes apiece came next in order. Crona, Gibbons and Berkowitz followed with thirteen, twelve, and ten votes respectively.

In the race for vice-president, Mayers and McGrath tied for first place with 23 votes apiece. The votes received by the other candidates were as follows: Scott, 20; Bailen, 15; Burnham, 12.

Chamberlain nosed out Hartnett in the ballot for secretary-treasurer by the narrow margin of one vote, but was declared ineligible for this busy position on account of scholastic reasons. There followed: Rogers, Herbert, and Bergson in the order named.

For Class Committee the successful were Dwyer, 42 votes; Fielding, 39 votes; Gastar, 37 votes. There was a tie for fourth place between Silverman and Saporo, each of whom amassed thirty-two votes.

In every instance where a tie existed, and in the single case in which the winning candidate was not approved, an entirely new ballot was filled out. The candidates defeated for other offices could—and did—run for the available positions. Intense and forceful campaigning was the result, and on October 28, ballots were again filled out. This time it was found that Thomas C. Mayers had won the election for vice-president with a vote of 57; Devlin, a new candidate, but a surprisingly powerful

one followed with 47 votes. McGrath, who had tied with Mayers in the previous ballot, came next with 35 votes.

Charles F. Hartnett was elected Secretary-treasurer with a vote of 58. Herbert, with 44 votes, and Rogers with 35 completed this ballot.

The voters who had previously elected Chamberlain secretary-treasurer again showed their good will toward him by making him a member of the Class Committee.

In summary form, the officers for the Class of 1926:

President—Allan R. Rosenberg, (301)

Vice-President—Thomas C. Mayers, (302)

Secretary-Treasurer—Charles F. Hartnett, (302)

Class Committee:

John F. Dwyer, (301)

Robert D. Fielding, (317)

Julius S. Gastar, (302)

Joseph Chamberlain, (303)

When it was all over, the non-candidates heaved a sigh of relief, the defeated candidates made known their alibis, and the successful candidates received the congratulations of all. May their administration be as worthy as any in the history of the school!

* * * * *

On Armistice Day, Wednesday, November 11, Allan R. Rosenberg '26, gave a short talk on "Patriotism," broadcast from WNAC. His address was part of a program under the auspices of the American Legion.

* * * * *

"Every year the *Register* is the object of attack by certain students who charge that the Staff is a clique—a sort of mutual benefit association. They assert that only stories written by the *Staff* or by friends of the editor are accepted. Up to this time only one story has been offered by a student not on the *Staff*. Obviously the *Staff* must provide material if none other is available. Every article must be of sufficient merit to warrant publication, and so, naturally, everything that is written is not immediately printed without consideration. The *Staff* are the *editors*; the entire Student Body *publishes* the paper. The editors are ready to publish any good story written by a student, *if any are written*. Unwritten law is an altogether different thing from unwritten stories. The handwriting on the paper must be something tangible."

Thus wrote the School Notes Editor of the *Register* in 1919. The passing years have borne the fruit of his desire to a small extent, but still are we faced with much the same problem. Since the publishers of the *Register* are the students of the Boston Latin School, wouldn't it be well if the students wrote something for publication? The members of the *Staff* are not at all loath to let others do some of the literary work. And the *Staff* is not going to be content with exhorting the Student Body.

By the time this issue of the *Register* is in your hands, you will have noticed the contribution box near the bulletin board. It is the first step in gaining closer cooperation, and it is there to be used. We are not so particular as to what material you contribute,, the factor that determines its usefulness for our purposes is the quality. We care not whether you contribute an anonymous poem rivaling that of Virgil, or whether you favor us with an article on "What's Wrong With Latin School Athletics." We will be on the receiving end, encouraged by the slightest sign of genuine interest by the Student Body.

THE SCHOOL BANK

The Home Savings Bank has again placed a savings machine on the wall near the bulletin board on the first floor. This gives the boys of the school an opportunity to have a savings account which is bound to be of use in the future. It is surprising how great a sum of money can be saved in a short time by putting a small amount into the bank regularly. This particular kind of bank is especially suitable to us because of the fact that any amount of money from a cent to a dollar can be deposited. Let us put in all the extra pennies of which we all have a few now and then, and realize the benefits of a bank account.

* * * * *

ADVERTISING CONTEST

The "Patronizing Our Advertisers" Contest has already begun. Many of the lower class boys have taken an active interest in it but we want the whole school to "get in" on this new idea. Cards will be given to every room-reporter to be issued as they are called for. These cards will be good for ten purchases. The cost of each purchase and the number of such purchases will be taken into consideration when the awards are made in May. The purchases will, however, not be valid unless the salesman in the store signs his name to the card. If the fellows take sufficient interest in this contest, the prize awards will be materially increased.

The quality of the *Register* depends to a great extent upon the way this contest spreads. If our advertisers get results, we can get advertisements, and *ads* mean that the *Register* will be bigger and better. To help along this idea, one of our advertisers who was greatly enthusiastic over the project, has offered to give \$5 in gold to any Boston Latin School student who makes purchases amounting to \$50 during the entire year. Here is another offer, which aids you to make some pocket money. Patronize our advertisers and you will reap the good that you have sowed! Let's go for a bigger and better and more widely advertised—in the *Register*! Start the ball rolling and others will join in! Come with a rush!

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. This contest starts with the first issue of the *Register* and ends May 1st.
2. All students of the Public Latin School are eligible with the exception of the members of the *Register* staff.
3. The name of any article purchased from one of our advertisers must be noted on a card furnished by the *Register*, together with the name of the concern, the signature of the salesman, and the price of the article.
4. The contestant must say, when purchasing from our advertisers, that he is from the Boston Latin School and has seen the advertisement of that concern in the *Register*.
5. No one card can contain more than ten names (of purchases, etc.) If any further information is desired, it may be secured at the Sanctum from the Business Manager or any of his assistants.

* * * * *

Prior to the B. C. High game, Mr. French held a cheer rally in the drill hall. He spoke a few words on school spirit and said that we must give some financial support to the team. Cheers were led under the direction of J. Gibbons.

* * * * *

Dan Carmody '26 and Al Rosenberg '26 have been appointed cheerleaders for the football season. John Gibbons '26 is the senior cheerleader.

The B. L. S. Competition for the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Trophy

Mr. Campbell has named the following members of the Class of '25 as the team to compete for the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Trophy: John Joseph McGloin, George Alpert, Harold Berliner, Summer Byron Myers, Lazard Henry Seiff, David Clemens Sachs, John Comstock Weeks.

The average of the College Board ratings of these boys in four subjects will be compared with those of other teams of seven pupils from other preparatory schools. The four subjects are English, Latin or Greek, Physics or Mathematics, and another subject not included in the other groups. The team whose average is highest in the above groups wins the trophy for its preparatory school. At the end of seven years the trophy will be awarded to the school that has won it the largest number of times during that period.

In 1926 and thereafter, it will be necessary for a school that wishes to compete for the trophy to send in the names of the seven men composing its team by June fifteenth. Since this is the first year of the award, the names were received this autumn. Although the College Board ratings are used and the trophy is given by a Harvard organization, the boys need not enter Harvard to be eligible.

* * * * *

DECLAMATION

The first of the public declamations of this year was held in the assembly hall, Friday, October 23. Although it is called a "public" declamation, the "public" seem to have little interest in the affair judging by the number of guests present on that day. It is up to us members of the Latin School to enlarge the gathering of strangers on these occasions. Let us make them "public" declamations in fact as well as in name.

Although there were a few new pieces spoken there were, however, too many old ones. Since it is tiresome not only to the faculty, but also to the students and guests to hear the same pieces over and over again, the head master has decided upon a plan which will to a certain extent, eliminate this unpleasant feature. In each room there is a notice containing two rules, one of which has to do with this issue. The other rule also pertains to declamation.

According to the head master, there is yet another requirement which he who wishes to speak in the hall must observe. This is that the public declamation is to be a period for dramatics. Let all declaimers observe these rules without objection.

Another feature must be kept in mind if we are to make these declamations successful. The school wants more boys to take part in the competition at which the speakers are chosen. There may be a number of boys who have talent for speaking. Let everyone who thinks he has the slightest chance of being chosen go out for declamation. It will not only benefit the school, but the boy will have that additional practice in declamation.

* * * * *

The ever increasing popularity of Latin School graduates was seen in the recent city Elections. Mr. Edward Sullivan and Mr. O'Hare, both former Latin School boys, were successful in their efforts to become members of the Boston School Committee. Mr. Sullivan, a very young man for the School Committee, led the ticket in the School Committee election.

THE B. L. S. ORCHESTRA

Rehearsals of the Latin School Orchestra have already been resumed under the able leadership of Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, assistant director of music in the public schools of Boston. This is Mr. Wagner's third consecutive year as conductor in our orchestra, and he certainly has distinguished himself in the eyes of every student. The orchestra is fortunate in having as its leader, Mr. Wagner, a man of unusual musical ability, and a remarkable music critic. Under his careful and scrutinizing eyes, the orchestra has risen to a point where it is as good if not better than any greater Boston school orchestra. Through his efforts and the co-operation of our headmaster, Mr. Campbell, plans have been made whereby all the musical clubs in Latin School are to give an annual concert. This is to be given during the latter part of the school year in the Assembly Hall, or on some night to be later decided. This innovation was originated by Mr. Wagner last year and the success of the concert of that year is a justification of what it is bound to be this year. This will be possible because the personnel of the orchestra is almost the same as that of last year, with the exception of the number of new players. Last year there were about 35 players in the orchestra while this year there are about 50. In fact so many boys responded to the rehearsals that Mr. Wagner was forced to order more chairs and stands. However, this gave him great pleasure, for very many boys will be lost by graduation and there was an urgent demand for new material.

Among those who will probably graduate are the members of the String Quartette, which rendered such a remarkable performance at the First Public Declamation, that the audience was spellbound. It was hardly conceivable that such young lads, each a master of his instrument, should be capable of such wonderful playing. It might also be of especial interest to note that Mr. Wagner again was the originator of this quartette which is composed of J. Fishgal, violin; S. Epstein, violin; S. H. Richmond, viola; Goldman, violincello.

* * * * *

All boys who can play any orchestra instrument should feel it their duty to play in the Hall on Monday mornings. Such boys should see Mr. Henderson in Room 303. It would be very fine if players of woodwind instruments would give a solo now and then for it is tiresome to hear just piano solos with an occasional violin selection.

The Dramatic Club is holding weekly rehearsals of its rollicking farce, "Nothing But Lies," in which side-splitting situations arise as a result of the lies of George Washington Cross, the leading character. The club plans to produce the play early in December.

The active support and co-operation of the whole school is needed in this highly entertaining school activity. Not only does it amuse, but by its presentation in the building offers to parents and friends a chance to become acquainted with the teachers and to see the type of fellows in whose company their offspring disports himself.

* * * * *

We are very glad to witness the keen competition for the position of Class III Editor. An important position should be filled by a competent person, and we feel sure that when the two Third Class Editors are selected they will be worthy of your heartiest congratulations.

Alumni Notes

HARVARD

It seems that every month we get more alumni news from Harvard than from all the rest of the colleges together. However, that's as it should be, for most of our fellows go to the "College Across the River."

As usual, at this stage of the year, our columns lead to football. Three Latin School alumni are prominent on the crimson team. First, there is Joe Crosby, '22, who, in the games played thus far, has proved to be Harvard's best bet for a halfback position. He's a great "money-player," always good for the needed yardage. More power to him.

Now Johnny Nordberg '24, comes to our mind. Johnny's football career this season reads like an Alger story. One Saturday he is on the scrub team; next Saturday on the second team; the following Monday raised to the varsity squad and now we expect to see him in action in the "Big Three" games. Let's hope he lives up to expectations.

Roger Doherty '21 is a very promising end candidate, and has played in all the Harvard games so far. He is, unfortunately, handicapped by inexperience, but Time, always rushing along, will soon remedy that fault.

Ellsworth C. (Red) Haggerty '23 is performing brilliantly on the cross-country team. He has already received two first places, one against Middlebury and the other against Dartmouth. He is also one of the six cheer-leaders in college, a much desired position, and—lest we leave out the rest of his achievements—he was recently elected to the Senior Council.

J. L. Carroll, Jr., '22 has been elected to the Student Council.

We have just learned that President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, Latin School '49, is a corresponding Fellow of the British Academy. This is a most unusual honor for only eight other Americans have been likewise elected.

Carl N. Jackson '94, formerly Associate Professor of Greek and Latin, has been promoted to the position of Professor of Greek and Latin.

Archibald T. Davison, '02. Associate Professor of Music, has been granted a leave of absence for the current year.

George R. Faxon '25, has succeeded in entering the sophomore class at Harvard. We heartily congratulate him on his success. He's a chip of the old block. Let that suffice.

Edward P. Davis '95, has been made a member of the Harvard Fund Council for one year.

Marshall Schalk '25 was recently awarded one of the Harvard Club of Boston Scholarships. We congratulate him on the award.

"Whenever you think of scholarship, think of Boston Latin School."

Francis Lee Higginson '58, one of our oldest and most successful alumni, passed away at his home at Pride's Crossing, Mass., August 19, 1925. Born in 1841, he graduated from Latin School and went to Harvard. In 1863, he fought in the Civil War as a lieutenant until the close of hostilities, then entered the firm of Lee and Higginson, now known all over the country. He retired in 1884 but remained a director of many enterprises until his death. He is survived by his wife and seven children.

Herbert A. Wadleigh '96, a prominent Boston banker, died at his home in Win-

chester, Sept. 16, 1925. He was a very popular man at college and was the coxwain of the victorious Harvard crew of '99. He is survived by his wife and two children.

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DARTMOUTH

News travels slowly from Hanover to Boston, but having allowed it plenty of time it has finally reached the ears of the Alumni Editor sitting in the Sanctum. The new arrival whispered in his ear that Al Fusonie '24 is pressing Sage hard for a first string position as end on the Big Green football team. He seems sure to get his letter this year and to be a big star in the two years to come.

Jack Holleran '23 has been handicapped by minor injuries but has played at right tackle in most of the games so far. We hope his tendency toward brittleness will not continue.

Gus Herbert '25 is the first-string end on the freshman team. He'll be a valuable addition to the varsity next year if our expectations come true.

Johnny Neal is third-string quarter on the freshman team. We hope he gets better as the season progresses.

* * * * *

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Bill Henry '23 has been a great success at the intown college so far this year. He is a regular halfback on Coach Whelan's team and has shown plenty of football ability. He was recently honored by his fellow athletes by having the position of president of the B. U. Athletic Association conferred on him.

Arnold C. Rigby '24 was a very promising guard on the football team early in the season but he was slightly injured a few weeks ago and has been unable to play in any of the games. He is also a member of the business staff of the B. U. *Beanpot*.

* * * * *

HOLY CROSS

George P. (Pat) Norton '23 is playing a slashing game at tackle for the Holy Cross football team. He has already played in many of the games, particularly in the Harvard game.

* * * * *

BOSTON COLLEGE

A few weeks ago the election of the junior class officers at the Heights was held. Out of the furious mêlée, but one Latin School boy was elected. The popular boy was Raymond F. Finnegan, who was elected vice-president for the current year. "Jap" was captain of the Latin School baseball team a few years ago.

James M. Curley, Jr., '24 has been elected president of the B. C. Dramatic Association. He is a former business manager of the *Register* and also took part in the plays produced by the Dramatic Club of that year.

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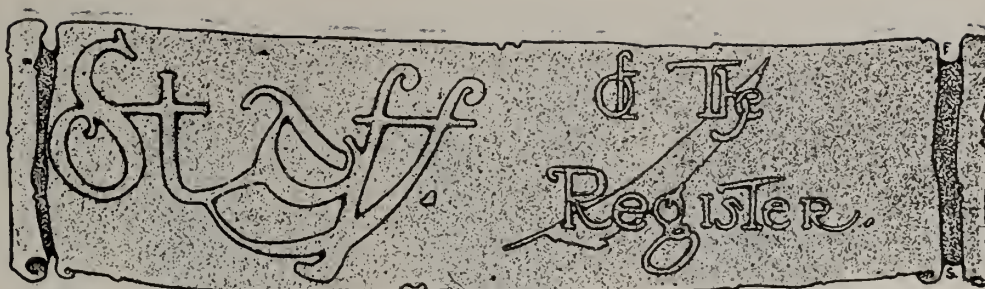
Robert Gardner Wilson, Jr., Class of 1910, B. L. S. was elected to the City Council, defeating Morgan T. Ryan '17, at the election of Nov. 3, 1925.

Walter Leo McClean, Class of 1910, B. L. S. is going to run on the Republican ticket, House of Representatives, Wards 16 and 17, next fall.

William G. O'Hare, '05 was elected to the Boston School Committee.

Edward M. Sullivan '14 received the largest vote in Boston for the Boston School Committee.

George H. McDermott '99 and Frank G. Montague '13 were defeated for School Committee.



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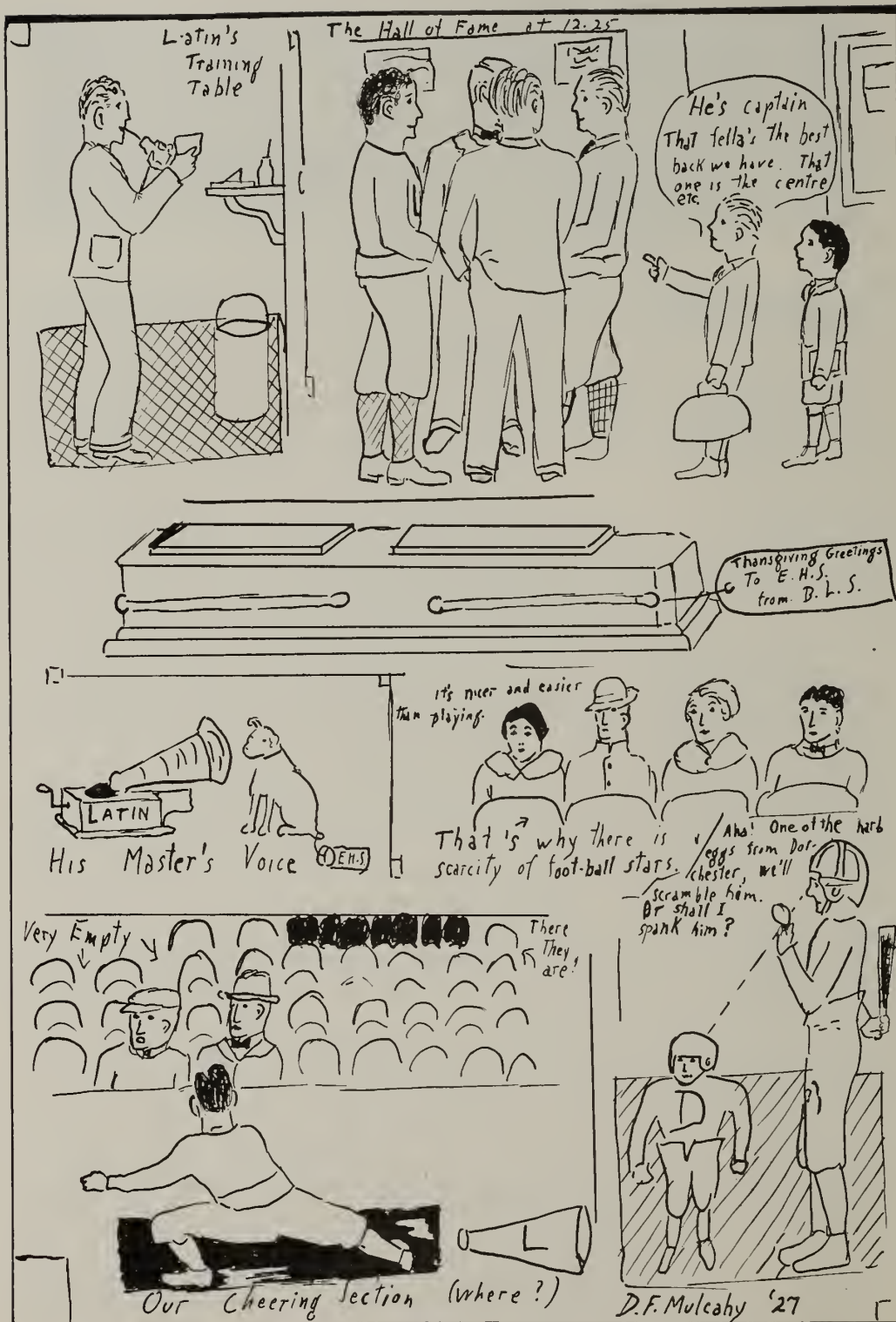
CLASS III EDITORS

APPOINTMENT IN NOVEMBER.

CHEERLESS CHEERS

Cheerless cheers! The bane of a cheerleader's existence. In this way we start out to exhort the student body to come out one hundred per cent. in support of its athletic organizations. This being the football season, we shall dwell primarily on support of the football team. Certainly, you have contributed to the athletic association! Granted—but are *you* attending the games and lending *your* vocal, if not physical efforts to the team? We do not feel that we are putting it too strongly when we say that cheering is an integral part of a football game. The team is out, fighting for the school. It is your school as well as theirs. Therefore, do your part. Put life into those cheers. The little, feeble *rah, rah* from a few, certainly does not help, nor does it speak well for the school. It does not matter so much whether the team loses or wins, as whether it is giving its all for Latin School. Were you ever in a precarious position, beginning to falter and doubt? If you never were, you will undoubtedly be there at sometime in your life. That is the time when some word of encouragement, something to show that someone believes in you, is most welcome. When the team is losing, cheer your hardest. Show it that you believe in it, that you have confidence in its ability to “come back” and win.

Consider, moreover, the cheerleader. In his flimsy white pants he runs about, unprotected from the cold breezes that sweep across Braves' Field searching for such an unlucky victim. If he, dressed more properly for a summer dance than for fall cheerleading, can stand out there in front and shout at you through his nearly-white megaphone, surely you can stand up and yell back as if you meant it. Get a cheer sheet and study it. Then go to the next game and all those thereafter, and make those cheers mean something. Do not forget. Section L at Braves' Field is our cheering section. Get together, put effort into your cheering and we shall all be benefited. Now—a regular “B. L. S.” for the team—Hip! Hip!





The Football Team

In the latter part of September, soon after the opening of school, the student body showed an excellent spirit by responding in large numbers to the call of Mr. Fitzgerald, our able mentor, for candidates for the football team. There were actually 150 boys present at the first meeting of the candidates. Coach Fitzgerald announced that every boy present had an equal chance of playing in the big game with English High School on Thanksgiving morn. He wanted each boy to resolve that he would make the team and that he would do so by fighting his way onto the team. Soon after this first meeting, our coach had an active squad of 75, working hard to make the team. Coach Fitzgerald developed a fast team with a strong defense to oppose Groton School in our opening game. Our boys went to Groton and played an excellent game there despite the adverse weather conditions which were not any too favorable for our light backfield. Unfortunately, a slippery ball was the cause of a Latin School safety, the only score of the game. However, the team showed their expected strong defense and an ability to hold their own against a heavier team. In the game with Groton this year, Latin School made better showing than in the past four years. The coach was pleased with his charges in this game and set them on their way towards winning the next game with Norwood High. Here again our team played a fast game, being defeated in the last half by a brilliant forward pass. Norwood High was aware of the strength of our defense in the line, and therefore turned to the forward passing game by which they luckily defeated us. After the game, Coach Murray of Norwood declared that we had a fighting team, the best that had ever represented Latin School since its first game with Norwood. After the Norwood game, the coach set his charges against the strong Boston College High School team. This classy team easily outplayed us in the first half, and our boys were tired and discouraged after the first half was over. At this point the Latin School boys showed their spirit by giving our boys a rousing cheer, when they came out for the second half. It seemed that the boys heard this cheer for they certainly came back strong in the second half, showing a better defense, which surprised the boys in the stands who wildly cheered them on. This game was advantageous to us because it brought out the fighting spirit of the team and the school spirit of the other boys. In the Commerce game the boys gave us some cause for joy when they came back strong in the second half to tie the game in the last minute of play. The boys seem to be adept at staging last half rallies.

The student body showed its excellent school spirit by cheering their team in the Boston College High and Commerce games. Let us continue to back our team by attending our remaining games, and by cheering the boys on to victory. Remember we have a fighting team that is never defeated until the last whistle is blown. Let us show them that we appreciate their service to the school, and encourage them through the minor games. Then the team, filled with a school and fighting football spirit, will satisfy us all by taking into camp our ancient rival, English High School, on next Thanksgiving morn.

—J. F. D.

News From The Gridiron

GROTON 2—LATIN 0

On October 3, the team played the annual game with Groton. It was a cold, rainy day, and the field was a veritable quagmire. Despite this advantage given to the heavier Groton team it was a hard fought game with the outcome always in doubt. The game opened with Groton kicking off to us. Here followed a punting duel. Towards the end of the first quarter the team had the ball on its own 20-yard line. Here the defense weakened twice in succession and Gaffney was tackled for an eight yard loss on an attempted end run. On the next play when McGuinness tried to kick, the Groton School line broke through and he was tackled behind his goal for a safety. This proved to be the only score of the day. The team threatened Groton's goal several times, the best opportunity coming after J. Sullivan blocked a Groton kick on their own 25-yard line. The team, however, failed to take advantage of their opportunities and the game ended with Groton in the lead. The game was featured by the hard tackling of the team's backfield. Several times large gains were prevented by their fine defensive work. Gaffney's tackling was excellent and McGuinness' punting was very good, considering the condition of the field. On the line Colbert was easily the outstanding player. L. Devens and Roosevelt played well for Groton.

The summary:

<i>Groton</i>	<i>Latin</i>
West, le	re, Campbell
Roosevelt, lt	rt, Patrick
Parkman, lg	rg, Colbert
Willard, c	c, Kiley
Rask, rg	lg, Mudarri
Q. Adams, rt	lt, Dunn
Roberts, re	le, J. Sullivan
Satteree, qb	qb, Mayers
L. Devens, lhb	rhb, McGuinness
T. Adams, rhb	lhb, Gaffney
Leonard, fb	fb, Gastar

Safety made by McGuinness. Substitutions—Latin: Costigan, White, Parks, Mulhearn, Hegarty, re; F. Sullivan, rt; Roach, c; Pappas, lg; Sapanaro, lt; Beverage, fb. Groton: Cheever le; Storey, lg; Richard, c; Rawl, rg; Crocker, re; Lawrence, qb; C. Devens, fb. Referee: Souderes. Umpire: Zohner. Linesman: Thomas. Time: two eight- and two seven-minute periods.

* * *

THE NORWOOD GAME

The second game of the season was played at Norwood on Columbus Day. The game opened with Gastar kicking off to Geary. After the exchange of a few punts, the team had the ball at midfield. On the first play, Gastar went around right end for fifteen yards. On the next play Beveridge went through right tackle for fifteen yards more. At this point the team seemed headed for a sure touchdown, but the attack then failed. On the fourth down Costigan

went back to drop-kick, but his attempt went wide. Toward the end of this quarter the team again had the ball within scoring distance, but was unable to make a touchdown, and Gastar's attempt for a field goal fell short.

In the second period Norwood's punter got off a fine kick. This was followed by a poor kick by Gastar, which gave Norwood the ball on our thirty-yard line. After having made ten yards their attack was stopped, but the forward pass, Dixon to Geary, netted them a touchdown. The try for the point was missed.

During the remainder of the game the play was fairly even, Norwood threatening only once. A touchdown was prevented by a fine punt by Gastar, who kicked from behind his own goal to mid field. The backfield's tackling was not as good as it was the week previous, but the line seemed to have improved. Colbert, Beveridge, and Gastar played best for Latin, while Geary and Dixon were the outstanding players for Norwood.

The summary:

NORWOOD 6—LATIN 0

<i>Norwood</i>	<i>Latin</i>
Dixon, le	re, J. Sullivan
Massey, lt	rt, Saponaro
Costello, lg	rg, Colbert
W. McDonough, c	c, Roach
Schaier, rg	lg, F. Sullivan
J. McDonough, rt	lt, Dunn
Donovan, re	le, Hegarty
Geary, qb	qb, Mayers
Foley, lhb	rhb, Beveridge
Cavanaugh, rhb	lhb, Costigan
Newman, fb	fb, Gastar

Touchdown, Geary. Substitutions—Norwood: Flaherty, le; Daniels, c; Stone, rg; Berkland, Metcalf, rt; Slavin, Donovan, qb; Altonin, lhb; Dixon, rhb. Latin: Zeitland, Patrick, rt; Kiley, c; Maloney, le; McGinnis, qb; Gaffney, lhb. Referee: Woodlock. Umpire: White. Linesman: McKenzie. Time: two ten-minute and two nine-minute periods.

THE B. C. HIGH GAME

The game with B. C. High opened with Gastar kicking off. B. C.'s powerful team then began to rush the ball up the field, using off tackle plays and end runs. At midfield a forward pass from John Sullivan to Shanahan was good for thirty-five yards and almost for a touchdown. It looked as if B. C. were going to score, but on the next play Bellew fumbled. Gastar then punted to midfield. Here B. C. again started their powerful attack. Shanahan went off tackle and reversing his field went twenty yards, a touchdown being prevented by Mayer's fine tackle. Bellew then tossed a forward pass to Shanahan, which was good for a touchdown.

Bellew received the kick off and ran it back to his own 40-yard line. On the next play he circled his right end for twenty yards. Buckley then caught a forward which put the ball on Latin's 30-yard line. Here the team seemed to brace and it took B. C. High four downs to ten yards. It seemed as if B. C.'s team was going to be held, but Syran, on a criss-cross play took the ball around left end for another touchdown.

Near the close of the half the team had the ball on the Maroon and Gold 45-yard line. Here an attempted forward was intercepted by Buckley who ran for a touchdown.

Latin surprised the onlookers by its fighting comeback in the second half. The team received the kick off and on the first play Gaffney went through left tackle for twenty yards, the only first down made by Latin in the entire game. McGuinness then punted. B. C.'s attack was then stopped, and on the third play Colbert recovered a fumble on the 25-yard line. This was the team's only chance to score in the game, but B. C. High again got possession of the ball when one of our team's backs fumbled. Bellew then went around right end for thirty-five yards, and Shanahan caught a forward from

Sullivan which netted a touchdown.

This game was not so good as some have been in the past because the teams were not evenly matched. B. C. High has the best team it has had for some years.

B. C. HIGH 27—LATIN 0

<i>B. C. High</i>	<i>Latin</i>
Buckley, re	re, J. Sullivan
J. Swan, le	rt, Saponaro
Carline, lt	rg, Colbert
Mason, lg	c, Roach
Murray, c	lg, F. Sullivan
Hickey, rg	lt, Dunn
E. Swan, re	le, Wells
Shanahan, qb	qb, Mayers
Bellew, lhb	rhb, McGuinness
J. Sullivan, rhb	lhb, Gaffney
Syran, fb	fb, Gastai

Touchdowns: Shanahan 2, Syran, Buckley. Points after touchdown: J. Sullivan, 3. Substitutes—Latin: Beveridge, lhb; Verge, rhb; West, Hegarty, re; Costigan, Kiley, fb; Wellock, qb. B. C. High: Cole, Coleman, qb; Lyons, W. Shanahan, re; P. Swan, Gorman, rt, Gorman, rg; Comerford, rhb; Kenealy, lhb; Green, Fratton, c; W. Shanahan, fb. Referee: Rooney. Umpire: Woodlock. Linesman: Churchill. Time: two ten- and two seven-minute periods.

* * *

THE COMMERCE GAME

The first City League game was played with Commerce, October 28. Mayers received the kickoff and ran it back about five yards. During the first quarter Latin contented itself with punting and letting Commerce rush. Near the beginning of the second period, Commerce had the ball on its 35-yard line. Sullivan then went around left end to midfield. Clifford then went through right guard for twenty yards. On the next play, Cronin seemed to be headed for a touchdown when he was brought down by a fine tackle by Beveridge on the 1-yard line. However, on the next play Connelly went through for a touchdown.

The team came back with the same spirit that it came back with in the second half of the B. C. High game. With Mayers and Gaffney alternating at carrying the ball two first downs were soon made. They then missed making a third first down by inches and Commerce received the ball on their own 21-yard line. They immediately punted to midfield. On the return kick, McGuinness was roughed, and the penalty gave the team the ball on the 35-yard line. Here they were held for downs. Commerce tried to rush and fumbled the ball being recovered by Flynn, who ran to the 4-yard line before being tackled. Only two yards were made here on through plays, but on the fourth play, Gaffney took the ball over for a touchdown. Commerce was off-side at the try for point, making the score seven all. Two plays after the next kick-off the game was over.

This was the first game in which Captain Colbert was seen in his new position, tackle. We wish him all the success in this new position that he has had in his former one. The team returned in the second half with the same spirit which it had in the second half of the B. C. High game, causing the remark to be made that if only they had played all the games as they played the second half, the victory column would be larger.

COMMERCE 7—LATIN 7

<i>Commerce</i>	<i>Latin</i>
McCarthy, le	re, J. Sullivan
Cohler, lt	rt, Colbert
Lyons, lg	rg, Flynn
Scanlon, c	c, Roach
O'Malley, rg	lg, F. Sullivan
Gianotti, rt	lt, Dunn
Crowley, re	le, Wells
Clifford, qb	qb, McGuinness
Sullivan, rhb	lhb, Mayers
Conley, lhb	rhb, Gaffney
Daley, fb	fb, Beveridge

Touchdowns: Conley, Gaffney. Points after touchdown: McCarthy,

Commerce offside. Substitutions— It; McGonigle, lg; Crosby, rg; Hor-
Latin: Saponaro, rt; Colbert, lt; Verge, witz, re; Cronin, lhb. Referee: Mc-
qb; Flanagan, re; Hoye, fb. Com- Cabe. Umpire: Murphy. Head
merce: Garfield, Cronin, qb; Murphy, Linesman: McGlaughlin.

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SECTION L

THANKSGIVING MORN

ELSEWHERE in this issue there appears an article on cheering. Here is another one and its primary object is to request the student body to sit in *Section L* on Thanksgiving morning. A grouped few can cheer better than a great many scattered students. It is said that "in union there is strength." This certainly applies to cheering. There will be uniformed ushers to conduct you to your seats in *Section L*. Latin School's cheering section. In all probability, a Latin School band will be there playing Latin School songs. It's up to *you* to furnish the Latin School cheering.

SECTION L

THANKSGIVING MORN

* * * * *

Joe: "It's a shame your son was put in jail for joy-riding."

Jack: "Oh, well, now we know where he is nights."

* * *

Doctor: "Your throat is in bad shape. Have you ever tried gargling with salt and water?"

Patient: "I should say. I've been shipwrecked twice."

* * *

We suggest to Messrs. Kelly and Springfield that they investigate, "The cords stood out in his neck." It has the selling points.

* * *

Ebony: "An' did dey evah play poker in dis yere Stone Age?"

Mahogany: "Deed dey did, niggah, an' clubs was always trumps."

* * *

"Hey, Mark, c'mere a second."

"You c'mere, you're as near as I am."

"I met your roommate last night, and he looked exactly like you."

"He ought to. He was wearing all my clothes."

* * *

"Look here, Adolf," a girl said to him reproachfully one evening, "You wouldn't marry Mrs. Copperqueen for her money, would you?"

"But, how else can I get it?" said Adolf.

* * *

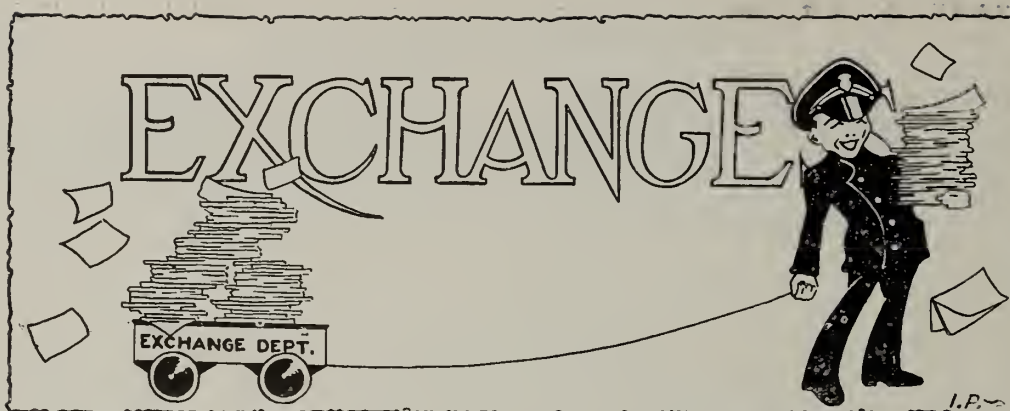
In love scenes the man used to be pictured on his bended knee, but instead nowadays the girl's pictured on his bended knee.

* * *

"No, I told you, I don't care for any coffee. That was the cause of my father's death."

"Coffee's killing anyone, how?"

"Five hundred pounds fell on his head."



Last month, owing to the fact that we received no exchanges in time for our first edition, there was no exchange column. Since then a number of magazines and papers have come in and with these we start this year's exchange department. We hope for a good column each month. Corey's exchange department of last year was a fine one. Each year this department shows a marked superiority over the year previous. We hope to keep up this record.

* * * * *

The Shuttle—High School of Practical Arts.—Your magazine in a fine one. Your cover is excellent. Your stories and poems show literary ability on the part of the authors. Your columns, "Words as They are Abused" and "Books" are both worthy of praise. Let us, however, suggest that you enlarge your "School Notes" which is one of the most important parts of any magazine.

* * * * *

The Beacon, Boston University.—A well edited magazine. Jokes are scarce, however. A humorous story was the only form of humor which we could find. Your "Rogues Gallery" is unique and an excellent feature.

* * * * *

Williamette Collegian, Williamette University.—That friendly "get-together" spirit. A good editorial column.

* * * * *

The Sagamore, Brookline High School.—One of the finest bi-weeklies we have met with in a long time. Well arranged. A notable feature of this paper was its joke column. Every joke was new—at least to the writer, it was. A large number of advertisements.

* * * * *

The Chronicle, Haverhill High School.—A nice weekly. Another editorial on study, but of a different type inasmuch as it touched on joining school organizations. A *Freshman's Diary* was very good. How do these Freshmen stand such abuse, though?

* * * * *

Central Recorder, Springfield High School.—Fine! The best school weekly of the month. Eight pages of interest and news. Good arrangement of features. Among the latter, those most worthy of note are *Korridor Krinkles* and *Minit Plays*. Many congratulations on your fine publication.

* * * * *

The Echo, Winthrop High School.—Seemingly devoted largely to sport articles and reports. *Year Ago Today* is good. Perhaps we received a copy of your paper which did not do you full justice. We would like to hear from you again.

Yellow

By G. R. Dunham

ABOUT a year after graduation I met Phil Larkin again. I had just turned up Boylston Street when a rush, a slap on the back (Revere Beach sunburn), and a familiar voice started me out of my reverie on traffic signals. I returned his greetings as profusely for in spite of the stigma "yellow," branded on Phil by his college, I liked the big chap. We talked as old classmates will, and in the course of conversation, Phil asked me to come up to his apartment some night. Now if there is one thing I dislike, it is visiting. In spite of my aversion to this, however, something prompted me to accept. But a surging crowd makes conversation difficult when one is standing in the middle of the sidewalk, and after a few suggestions (unsolicited) from the passersby, we parted.

I didn't see Phil again until about a month later when I met him at Park Street, and almost the first thing he asked me was, "When are you coming out to see me, Bob?"

"Oh, sometime," I answered, evasively if not brightly.

"How about tonight?" He looked at me hopefully. I knew I would have to do it sometime, so I went with him.

* * * * *

Phil's father had left us after dinner and Mrs. Larkin had stepped across the hall to see a neighbor. So we were left alone in the big living-room to talk and smoke. I perched myself uncomfortably on the edge of the davenport and intently studied the intricate patterns of the rug. Phil leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. Neither of us spoke. Then he broke the silence.

"You know, Bob," he said, "I appreciate your coming out here. Hardly any other fellow from college would have spoken to me."

"Oh, I don't think that." There was nothing else to say.

"I'm a coward as far as they are concerned," he went on ignoring my remark. "That hurts, Bob, believe me. Sometimes I think it was cowardice that prompted me to do what I did; and at other times I believe that something entirely foreign to my nature caused my action."

I sensed a story and rather than break the spell, I did not answer. I leaned back more comfortably, leaving my study of rug patterns, and Phil continued:

"Two years ago this coming fall, I first became interested in football. Being a track man I sort of figured that I might have a chance to make the team. So, when football candidates were called out, I was among them. McClane was glad to see me out. There must be a sort of invisible bond between team captains. There were three of us, football, baseball, and track captain, all intent on playing the game. Anyway, my track ability counted for nothing as I could not hold onto the ball and within two weeks I was shifted from backfield to tackle. Coach Ferber was anxious to beat Doyle University, for we had lost to them for three years straight. He worked us hard and crammed football knowledge into us as fast as we could take it. As a result we beat Kentucky State twenty to nothing in our first game of the season. I was in that game for five minutes and during that space of time, I guess, I didn't exactly star. At any rate I did not get into another game until we played Rustkin, two Saturdays before Doyle. I played the first half and did a little better than in the other game. The second half McClane was out also and we sat together.

"Who is playing left tackle," I asked McClane.

"Larkin," he answered. I looked at him.

"Who?" I thought he had made a mistake. He laughed.

"Oh, didn't you know there was another Larkin on the team. That's him out there with the light hair."

"This was news to me, but I let it pass. I met Larkin later, and we naturally became quite well acquainted. He was a Senior, too, and this seemed to draw us closer together. It was not his first year out for football but it was the first year he had ever played in a game. He told me a great many of his pet ideas, and I, in turn, told him some of mine. We had at least one mutual desire and that was to get into the Doyle game. You know the Doyle game is our letter game.

Saturday we managed to beat Hartford three to two and were all ready for Doyle. The week passed, as weeks have a habit of doing, and the following Saturday came around bright and fair. I saw Larkin in the morning and he told me that his dad had come up for the game. He was all excited about it, and he was hoping against hope that Ferber would let him in against Doyle. I was hoping the same thing.

"The first time we saw the Doyle team was when we came out onto the field to warm up just before the game. They had arrived Friday afternoon, but we were not allowed to see them. They were one of the biggest teams I ever saw. Almost anyone of them was heavier than our heaviest man, Johnson. When we went back to the gym we were not feeling quite so cheerful. Say what you will, the sight of a much heavier eleven does lessen the morale of a team. Ferber didn't say much outside of telling us to do our best and fight every minute. Then we went outside and dashed onto the field. A little signal work, the captains meet, a coin glinted, and almost before I knew it I was on the bench and the game started. We received the kick-off, and the first play showed us what a game we had on our hands. We punted and somehow their quarterback got loose and ran forty yards to our twenty-yard line. Two plays sufficed to push the ball across our goal line, and they easily kicked the goal. We sat stunned. Seven to nothing with the game only three minutes old. It would be tiresome to go over that first half again. You remember how they went down the field for four more touchdowns before it was over. You probably recall our lone tally was made when their half-back dropped a kick-off, and McClane dived over their line for our six points. Joy, and then silence when Jeffreys missed the drop-kick.

"They cheered us loyally when we left the field, but we felt pretty down-hearted. We sat quietly down in the gym and Ferber spoke.

"Fellows," he said, "there's no use in mincing words. We are licked. We are licked physically, but not morally. I am not speaking about "moral victory." They are a better team than we are. There is only one thing to do. Go out there and show them that you've the grit to stand up and fight. I don't want them to score again."

"There was a strained silence and McClane coughed. We said nothing and Ferber motioned with his hand for us to go out on the field, just before the second half.

"The team fought. But it told on them. First a guard would be knocked out; then a back; next a tackle. Some couldn't play again. Linesmen had the brunt of the smashing. Substitutes went in and regulars came out. I sat there trembling first with hope, then with fear. I wanted to go in, and I didn't. The prospect of being knocked out frightened me,

"Doyle did not score again. With about three minutes left to play, Johnson broke his shoulder. Ferber looked at the bench. Jack Larkin and I were left

" 'Go ahead in there, Larkin,' he called as he went to meet Johnson coming off the field. My fear was gone and I jumped up to go. At the same instant, Jack Larkin arose. We looked at each other. Neither knew which one was meant. We knew, however, that Ferber cared little who went in. He just wanted eleven men playing when the whistle blew. That football letter looked good to me then and I started forward, then I stopped. I already had a track letter and a sweater. I had already done something for my college. Jack never had. His only chance was before him. His dad was in the stands waiting to see him. But I did want to get into that game. Then suddenly I felt futile and cheap—robbing the chap of his only chance. Acting on impulse, I turned and murmured:

"Go ahead, Jack, my ankle is too sore,"

He knew it was a lie and he looked at me queerly before he burst onto the field.

Ferber had returned from Johnson in time to hear my last remark. He looked pityingly at me, and with every word burning like a red hot iron he said contemptuously, " 'You yellow dog'."

The Last Lap

By Paul G. Carney

IN THE garage where Ted Murphy worked, was a "Dusenber Special" of the racing type. He could not be kept away from it and at least twice a week he would explain to the boss in what shape the carburetor was, or how badly the spark plugs were in need of being cleaned, just for the pleasure of working on it. One day he asked the boss who owned it, and if he thought the owner would sell. The boss had told him, and Ted had immediately run over to his pal, Jimmie Williams.

"Jimmie!" he cried, "enter the racing game with me if I get a car?"

Jimmie laughed heartily.

"What chance would we have against the professionals, and to begin with, who's going to present us with a car?"

"There it is," said Ted, pointing to the Special in the corner, "and as for our chances, they're as good as anybody's. Everyone has to begin sometime."

"Well," muttered Jimmie, and then, "what's the idea of going into that game? I'd just as soon die a natural death."

"I've a five-thousand dollar mortgage on the house which must be paid before June thirtieth. That leaves me three months, and I've looked them all over, but the racing game is the quickest. Well, what's your answer?"

"I'm game," replied Jimmie.

That night they telephoned the owner, a certain Mr. Wilkins, and explained to him their plan. Mr. Wilkins, being exceedingly rich, had forgotten about the car and was willing to part with it at one-half the original cost. The car was such an expensive one, however, that they were unable to buy it outright. They finally agreed to pay by installments and that the car should be theirs as soon as they paid the first deposit, which they did that night.

When the boss came down the street a little earlier than usual the next morning, he was greeted by a great deal of hammering and other noises, and on entering the garage found Jimmie and Ted hard at work on the Special. By noon they had given it a thorough overhauling, and without waiting for lunch they drove off into the country.

They passed only one person on the road, a farmer in an old, broken down team, and they went by so fast, and raised such a cloud of dust that he wasn't able to see them, to say nothing of getting their license number. At the end of the road, turning the car around, Ted said:

"I'm going to push it as hard as I can, going back."

The speedometer again began to spin, this time faster than before. After five minutes of riding, it read one hundred and five miles per hour. They were going so fast that nothing was clear except the vast fields of corn. The fence posts went by so fast that they seemed like matches to Ted. Neither of them thought of what would happen if they should hit something or if anything went wrong with the engine. Jimmie stopped the machine at the end of the road.

"Well, it looks as if we had some chariot."

"It sure does," agreed Ted.

Saturday's evening paper carried news of an automobile race at Auburndale, an adjacent town, which had built a track and was booming the racing game.

Monday, the day of the race, dawned bright and clear. As they drove through Auburndale to the track, they could not help but notice the crowd of professionals and gamblers who had gathered for the race. A majority of these had been expelled for crooked work from the big tracks throughout the country, and they were always to be found where there was chance to make a few thousand dollars by fair or foul means, usually the latter. Every store in town was decorated, and business had stopped for the day. It seemed as though everyone was on his way to the race track.

At quarter to one they took their place on the hard dirt track, having given their car a last minute inspection. On Jimmie's left was a Packard and on his right a Stutz. At five minutes to one an official checked up their positions. Ted became nervous. The crowd in the stands maintained a steady hum. The air seemed charged with suspense. Then the starter stepped on the track, in his hand a small white flag. Jimmie fixed his goggles with a grim determination to do his best. The next instant he heard a roar from the crowd. Number one had started.

Jimmie was fifth at the mark, and as he swung around the first corner his nervousness left him. He slouched down in his seat for the long grind. Round after round passed, the car maintaining the same speed, ninety miles an hour. The crowd made no noise; it awaited the finish. There were only two cars ahead of him and one of them made a cloud of smoke, while the other raised an equal cloud of dust. Somewhere a gun cracked spitefully.

"Ten more laps," muttered Jimmie.

Ted had to yell to make himself heard above the roar of the engine.

"Let's go."

Jimmie opened her up. He smiled grimly to himself as he passed number thirteen drawn up on the side with a flat tire, the mechanic and driver working furiously over it, although both realized they were out of the race.

One car ahead of him now. Suddenly, from nowhere, on his right, a big black car, with a yellow seven painted on the hood, crawled up and passed him at the turn. Jimmie pushed it as hard as he could but the black racer kept to the front. The crowd, sensing the struggle, were on their feet now, yelling themselves hoarse. Only two cars were in front of him, and Jimmie was determined to pass the black racer. Suddenly as they approached the curve, the black racer in attempting to pass the Stutz, hit it, and the two cars went down into a bent and twisted heap of metal. Ted put his hands over his face. Jimmie swung the wheel over frantically, and

crashed through the fence. Everything seemed to be fading away. He heard the murmur of voices raised in anger, and then he knew no more.

When he regained consciousness he was in a hospital. Ted was sitting at his side and watching him with a trace of anxiety on his face.

"The others?" Jimmie asked.

"Two killed instantly, the third has a fractured skull. Jimmie! that accident could have been avoided. I saw that Stutz deliberately swing out in front of number seven".

II

The extent of Jimmie's injuries was never made public, but in three weeks he was as well as ever. His desire for racing had not decreased, on the contrary, he seemed more eager than before to make good; Some people called him the "laughing stock" of the town, and swore that he would be killed in a smash-up, but Jimmie paid no heed to these remarks.

The car had not been damaged badly, only one front wheel being broken. Ted had it taken home and fixed, and it was now as good as ever. The people of Auburndale had taken drastic measures to insure against further accidents, and each driver had to show his credentials before he could enter. The Saturday after Jimmie's recovery, they received news that in two weeks another race would be held, over the same distance, but for a bigger prize. This time it was for \$10,000.00, and the prize had attracted a number of famous racers. Jimmie sent in his entry, but only after his mother had made him promise never to race again.

Auburndale outdid itself that day. Huge crowds from Indiana and the neighboring states came by autos and train loads. The three hotels that Auburndale boasted of were filled in short time and sleeping accommodations were not to be had for any price.

There were fifty entrants. Cars were there of every make, every shape and every color; in short every sort of a racer conceivable. The crowd was enormous and there was no way of estimating how many were present. One could almost hear the old wooden stands groaning at the unaccustomed weight.

For a week previous to the race Jimmie had practised on the track. He had a fear of the place where the accident had happened. Every time he drove around the fatal corner his foot would slip off the accelerator, and the car would slow down to about eighty miles an hour. Finally, he remedied this by reversing his track.

Jimmie didn't have much to say, but when he entered the track there was a look of grim determination on his face. Again he looked the engine over and it brought back to him the memories of the first race, especially the smash-up. Ted clapped him on the shoulders, and with a cheerful, "Brace up," climbed in. Jimmie slouching in his seat, fixed his goggles and warmed his engine up, as though in a trance. He was nervous, extremely nervous. Would the race never start! All kinds of thoughts ran through his head and every one ended with the mortgage and his feeble mother. A man in a big white sweater, stepped on the track and immediately the murmur of the crowd ceased. A gun cracked and Jimmie's last race had started. He took the first corner with reckless abandon, and immediately set out after the leader. It took clever work to pass the crowd of cars which blocked his path, but he succeeded and settled down for the grind in third position. He was checked in record time for the first half-lap. Then the old nervousness gripped him as he approached the fatal turn. The vision of the accident, his frantic endeavor to pass the remains of the two racers and the crashing into the fence, assailed him, and his foot commenced to slip from the accelerator; but thinking of his mother he shut his eyes

and tore past without diminishing his speed. He relaxed with a sigh of relief, and Ted's face took on a fighting look as they took the third corner on two wheels and swung into second place. On the fifth lap one of the rear tires gave out. The mechanic made a quick change and he swung onto the track again with the leaders only a quarter of a lap ahead. On the tenth lap coming up the straightaway he swung into first place by a clever piece of driving and took the corner with the cheers of the crowd in his ears. Somewhere a gun cracked for the last lap, and he was a lap ahead of number two. One half a lap, three quarters, only a hundred yards now and the roar that greets the victors already in his ears. Suddenly the engine went dead. Coaxing failed. He hopped out and saw that he would not have time to fix it before number two came around the corner.

"Ted," he moaned, "To lose like this." Suddenly he grabbed Ted by the shoulders and they commenced to push the heavy racer towards the finish. Ten yards from the finish he heard a roar from the crowd and looking back saw number two taking the last turn and heading to the finish. Frantically they pushed. Would they never get it across? Eight yards, five yards, three yards, one final combined effort and the racer rolled across as number two tore past a second too late.

Finis

Spondees—or Two Long Feet

By B. F. Devlin

SMOKE belched forth in great clouds from inside the "flivver." No, the car was not afire; it was only one of Uncle Pete's famous black cigars. Pete's, or to be more exact, Mr. Peter Simmon's cigar was a part of him, just as were his shoes or hat. You know, a cigar is an essential part of every man of business, and Mr. P. Simmons was surely that. Why, he owned the Tilton Junction General Store, and as the town's most influential citizen, had full charge of the post-office.

People about town rather looked up to him as the one man at the Junction who could afford to have a car for the purpose of pleasure only. And Pete knew he cut quite a figure. It wasn't necessary to tell him so. He had one particular grievance which marred his otherwise perfect peace of mind. Every summer a crowd of young fellows from the city colleges came to Tilton, and in this month of August the thing was at its worst. Pete couldn't stand the way the people "knuckled down" to them, with their wide trousers and striking neckware. Perhaps he felt as if they were intruding into his particular Paradise. At any rate, the summer months were the ones which found Pete most irritable. He had heard one of his friends referred to last Sunday at the meeting as "one of those natives."

"Natives. Bah! You might think as how we be redskins or Hindus or something or other."

That very morning, as he was about to leave the post-office for a little "spin" in his car, he had heard enough from one of those collegians to make a man's blood boil. In fact, it hadn't stopped boiling yet, not by any means. It happened that the two young fellows lounging on the wide veranda of the post-office had been within easy range of Peter's two rather over-sized ears. They were observing how quaint this was, and how different that was, and what a change it all was. Evidently they sensed something "quaint" and "different" about Peter's car.

"Who's that can belong to?"

"Oh, I don't know his name. He is a native, though. Runs this two-by-four mail station here. Got a face like Sitting Bull, hasn't he, though? Sh! He's looking this way."

Pete's face had become a little redder than usual, and as he stooped over to crank the machine it became still redder still, for the worthy motor merely puffed and sighed on being turned over. Peter peeped under the mud-guard at the two on the steps. To his profound disgust, they were still passing clandestine remarks. He was unable to hear them of course, but he could easily read one observation on the fellow's lips.

"Runs like a coffee grinder, doesn't she?"

Pete dropped his cigar at this, and twirled the crank furiously. Spitt! Br-r-rr At last! Now he could afford to be more calm. He stepped jauntily into the seat and slammed the door.

"Listen to that motor, will you? Man, what power!"

Peter hadn't waited to hear any more. With a fitful roar his tin charger left the offenders in a cloud of very dry dust.

Mr. Simmon's ride that day was decidedly not a "pleasure" trip, and as darkness fell it became even less pleasant. It had been raining for almost two hours now, and the little car was hopping, plunging, twisting and skidding in the mud-puddles all along the humpy road. The rain leaked in right over Pete's head, but it could not cool his ire. In fact, it increased under continuous pressure, and when the dripping rain extinguished his cigar, Peter cursed. He cursed the day, the night, the rain, the road, the cigar and the car, those dudes about town and—then thoughtfully saved a few curses for the rest of his journey. For he wasn't nearly home yet. Here he was just at the railroad tracks, fifteen more miles yet. He "stepped on it" hard. The long-suffering flivver took a mighty leap—and stopped dead—on the tracks.

"Well, darn ye, stay there for all o' me! Blamed if I'll git wet for anything this side o' Paradise."

So Peter lighted another cigar, folded his arms resolutely, and pushed his feet through the frame where the windshield ought to be. Now that was very thoughtless of Peter for he wore a pair of nines.

He heard a rumble. Holy cats! A train! At such an unconventional time, too! One hadn't passed through the Junction for nearly a week, and Peter had been supremely confident that none would come for another week. He'd have to get out and push the car off, and he ruefully thought of how wet he'd get. But he'd have to get out, and that quickly.

But his nines were stuck fast. He struggled and he pulled in vain. The old fellow sank back in his seat with a groan, and shut his eyes in horror. A terrific roar sounded in his ears. A rending shock, and then he fainted.

Poor Peter was under the impression that he had left his sphere and was awaiting final decisions in the next world. Evidently his namesake had been instructed not to open the pearly gates to him, for all was black except where a bright spot illumined a large circular space in front of him. Yes, that must be it, for surely that was Satan himself bent almost double in laughter within the bright spot. And—jumping fish! Couldn't they let a fellow suffer in peace even here? For much to his disgust the Evil One was attired in a natty flannel suit, wide trousers, loud tie, and all! At last the merry one spoke.

"Well, I'll be dashed if it isn't old 'Rain-in-the-Face' himself!"

It was then that Peter recovered himself. Devil or no devil, he'd get out and.—

But he couldn't move. His nines were still stuck fast in the windshield. Ah,

he saw it all now! The dude still laughing loudly, the long grey car beside his "flivver." That dude had wrecked him!

"Why dang ye, I'll break yer—"

Peter was interrupted by a long querulous whistle, and turned to see the Limited tear past, about ten yards in the rear. A cold sweat broke out on the old man's forehead at the thought of his car being in the path of that demon. The young puppy stopped laughing, extricated Peter's pair o' nines from the windshield, and actually carried Peter, the town's most influential man, to his own car, although Peter said he'd have none of it.

"The rear end of your 'Lizzie' is caved in, grandpa, so you might as well leave her there till morning. I'll send a man down from the garage as soon's I get my bumper straightened out."

The same voice, the identical voice that had jeered him that morning.

"Why, why, you—" The big car leaped forward and roared toward the town. The night air brushed cool and refreshing on Peter's leathery cheeks. He glanced at the fellow at his side, coolly feeding the huge motor more gas. His one grievance in life was fast fading. He was almost ready to clap the fellow on the back and tell him he was all right!

"Have a cigar, old timer?" asked the fellow, holding a clean-cut, solid-looking one out to him.

"Old timer! Why, dang yer hide. I'm—"

He glanced at the cigar again, and stumbled over his last words. It was black. A long, black cigar! Pete's hand closed over it automatically and the flare of a match showed a sheepish smile on his wrinkled old face.

Finis

* * * * *

Very sick (soliloquizing, as he loses his false teeth in the ocean): "Well, judging from the way I feel, I don't suppose I shall require them any more."

* * *

Phiz: "Don't you just adore Kipling?"

Icks: "I don't know, how do you kipple?"

* * *

Mr.: "Is this piano yours?"

Mrs.: "We own about an octave of it."

* * *

Null: "I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

Void: "And you found it."

Null: "Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."

* * *

She: "I wonder who invented that superstition about Friday's being an unlucky day."

He: "Oh, some poor fish."

The moth is not a society favorite even if he does appear frequently in a dress suit.

* * *

"I've raised a lot of families," says the elevator boy.

* * *

Hee: "Ever see a worse fog than this?"

Haw: "Yes, one."

Hee: "Is that so, where?"

Haw: "Why, er, er—it was so foggy I really couldn't tell where."

* * *

Old Patient: "I wish to consult you on my utter loss of memory."

Memory Doctor: "Ah, yes. And what was your name again, please?"

* * *

"Who's the Speaker of the House?" roared the political science prof during an oral exam.

"Mother," responded the meek looking Frosh on the corner seat.



Prof: "When did Vergil die?"
 Stewed-dent: "51 A. B."
 Prof: "Don't you mean B. C."
 Stewed-dent: "No, sir. 51 A. B.
 Fifty-one years After Birth."

* * *

The golfer took a nasty aim,
 Then through the air his driver sped;
 He tore his sock upon a rock,
 "Great gosh, a hole in one," he said.

* * *

"That tickles me," he said, pointing
 to his flannel night-shirt hanging on the
 line.

* * *

Country Purchaser: "What is the
 price of your best thermometer?"

New Clerk: "This one is priced at
 two dollars."

Country Purchaser: "I'll take it.
 Will you be kind enough to set it at
 70, because the doctor sez tha's wat we're
 to keep the room at."

* * *

Bobby: "Why were you kicked off
 the Glee Club?"

Bob: "I had no voice in the matter."

* * *

"My, what a noise!"

"Oh, it's a pretty good nose—as
 noses run."

* * *

Robespierre: "Ah, la belle dame, ah
 Guillotine, she are one beauty."

Looley 16th: "Aw, she give me a
 pain in the neck."

One "grad" applied for a position in a
 glue factory. He was refused on the
 grounds that college men do not stick
 to their jobs.

* * *

Prof: "Mr. Smith, why are you late
 to eight o'clock class *every* morning?"

Smith: "The rest of the class comes
 too early."

* * *

"I challenge you to a duel, Algernon."

"Choose your weapons, Archibald."

"Eh-uh-cream puffs at ten paces."

* * *

Knick: "They say women are the
 salt of the earth."

Knack: "Wouldn't doubt it, judging
 from the number of men they've driven
 to drink."

* * *

"Who yuh going to the show with
 tonight?"

"Chaw-lee."

"I hear he goes in for a good time."

"Well, he's going out for a good time
 tonight."

* * *

What was the one about the absent-
 minded professor who, building a dog
 kennel, cut one door for the mother and
 nine small ones for the pups?

* * *

Old Ezra Gump, the sage of Toote-
 ville sez, "Why buy them bell bottom
 britches ef they don't ring when yer
 wife goes through the pockets?"

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Prof: "Mr. Smith, in your theme you rise to majestic heights."

Smith: "How?"

Prof: "Quite a tall bluff."

* * *

"Paw?"

"Yes, little one."

"Why does a piston ring?"

* * *

"I am tired of the bounding main."

"Why don't you have it bobbed?"

* * *

Colored Tramp: "Will you please gi' me something to eat?"

Housewife (threateningly): "I'll fetch my husband if—!"

Colored Tramp: "Madam, pray do not trouble. My race has given up cannibalism for generations."

* * *

WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW

The Shades of Night were falling fast,
The guy stepped on it and rushed past,
A crash—he died without a sound,
They opened up his head and found—
Excelsior.

* * *

Circus Man: "The leopard has escaped—shoot him on the spot!"

Guard: "Which spot?"

* * *

Contributor: "I hope you are carrying out those ideas I wrote you about."

Editor: "Did you meet the office boy with the waste-paper basket?"

Contributor: "Yes."

Editor: "Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

* * *

THOU SHALT NOT CRIB

First Freshman in Math. Exam: "How far are you from the correct answer?"

Second Ditto: "Two seats."

* * *

"Sam, does that mule ever kick you?"

"No sah. He doan't kick me. But he kicks at de place whar Ah jest been."

SIMPLI TERRIBLE

"Why do you weep?" I sed,

No tears wer in her ize;

She loked up timidly,

Quite taken by surprise.

Then thro her falling tears,

A tender smile revealing,

She simply pointed to

The onyons she was peeling.

* * *

"When charity is needed I'm always the first to put my hand in my pocket."

"Yeh, and you keep it there."

* * *

"I can't smoke before breakfast."

"Why not?"

"I never get up in time."

* * *

It is our sincere belief that the most successful debating club in the world is one in the hand of a policeman.

* * *

Sambo: "Were you sick with the flu, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Man, I wuz so sick that most every night I looked in the casualty ist for my name."

* * *

Customer: "I would like to buy a landscape."

Artist: "I have none now. Could you come back in fifteen minutes?"

* * *

"Did a doctor treat you for that sprain?"

"Treat me! He charged me ten bucks."

* * *

Judge: "I understand, madam, that you want a divorce, but on what grounds?"

Woman: "Any, your honor, as long as he ain't allowed on them."

* * *

Another absent-minded man is the salesman who went home and tried to sell his wife a box of cigars for her husband.

Advertisements

Rids - Kids

The Wonder Shoe

A shoe, molded in one piece, the most surprising development in the history of footwear, is now on the market defying boys and girls to wear it out or even get it out of shape in anywhere near the time that they make the ordinary shoe a castaway.

This shoe, the brain child of Charles M. Riddock, who smiles as shoemen marvel at his product fresh from the mold or still in shape after months of wear, is called Rids-Kids, the wonder shoe.

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The material of the shoe is a composition invented by Mr. Riddock, and hard tests over a period of six months or more have shown that its wearing qualities are superior to those of leather.

The mold is made according to the last desired and the material so adapts itself to the mold that the finished shoe comes out exact in size. The effect of the stitching, perforations and other style adornment appearing on the usual shoe is so accurately reproduced by the mold that even experienced shoemen have discovered the actual reproduction only after studied examination.

Rids-Kids are claimed by the makers, the Riddock Process Corp., of 25 Huntington Ave., Boston, to be absolutely waterproof. They also take a shine equal to that taken by leather, and liquid polish and paste do not injure them.

The simplicity in manufacture makes it possible to turn Rids-Kids out to retail at \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pair.

(The Shoe Buyer, August 1925.)

These shoes are ideal for school boys and younger children and may be purchased at retail by calling at the offices of the

Riddock Process Corporation

25 Huntington Avenue

Boston

An auto sine near Lower Merion reads:
"Drive Slowli; You Might Meet A
Fool!"

A better sine would be:

"Drive Slowli; Two Fools Mite Meet!"

* * *

"I am sorry I married you," sobbed
the bride.

"You ought to be," he said, "you
cheated some other girl out of a mighty
fine husband."

Board of Faculty: "But, remember,
professor, your university is calling you."

Dean (who has just resigned): "Yes,
but different parts of the university are
calling me different things."

* * *

"Now, my son, tell me why I punished
you?"

Boy (indignantly): "Oh, gee! First
you pound the evil out of me, and now
you don't know why you did it."

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

NOVEMBER, 1925

VOL. XLV

No. 2

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STUDENT POLITICS

I've taken her to a lot of things,
A whole lot more than I oughter,
For she's awfully dumb and homely—
but—

She's my math professor's daughter.

* * *

"Why don't they have insane asylums
in Arabia?"

"Because there are nomad people
there."

First Bum: "My, bo, I sure am over-
worked these days."

Second Ditto: "What are you doing,
bo?"

First: "Oh, this and that."

Second: "When?"

First: "Now and then."

Second: "Where?"

First: "Here and there."

Second: "Well, you sure do need a
vacation."

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TO EMBLEMS

Soph: "Have you seen those new sport models Cadillac roadsters?"

Fresh: "Yes! Yes!"

Soph: "Well, I got five bucks."

* * *

He: "Are you fond of golf?"

She: "Am I! you should have seen the greens I ate for lunch."

* * *

Irate Father: "The infernal impudence! You want to marry my daughter! Do you think you could give her what she's been used to?"

The Chap: "Er, er yes, sir, I've a violent temper myself."

* * *

"How do you get to Hamilton."

"Y-y-you'll get there b-b-b-before I c-c-c-could t-t-t-tell you!"

* * *

"That man is linked with crime."

"How so?"

"He's one of the chain gang."

MYSTERIOUS

"What makes you always so popular?"

He asked the speedy young spark.

And she said with a grin,

As she powdered her chin:

"I keep all the boys in the dark."

* * *

Singer: "Ever since singing that song to you yesterday, I have been haunted by it."

She: "Why not? You murdered it."

* * *

Never try to gag a talkative person—he'll only chew the rag.

* * *

"I found a splinter of wood in my soup today."

"What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I ate it with the rest of my board."

* * *

"Father, to what do you attribute your success?"

"Hod woik, me lad, hod woik."

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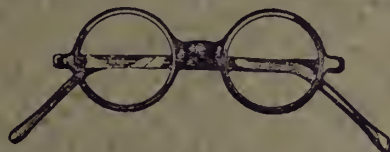
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